

# CURRENT ANECDOTES

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## ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT EVENTS.

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### SPIRITUAL MARKSMANSHIP.

All the great correspondents of the English newspapers have confessed the inequality of the English soldiers taken as a whole, when compared with the Boers in the matter of marksmanship. Mr. Villiers relates a very striking experience. While asleep in his Cape cart on the veldt he was ineffectually potted at one hundred yards off by three English soldiers, who mistook him for a Boer farmer. As he tersely puts it, "I never felt anywhere so safe as when under my countrymen's fire." Of course this is not to be wondered at when we take into consideration that these English volunteers came largely to the war without any experience with a gun, while the Boers have been accustomed to shooting from the time they could hold a rifle. It suggests to us the great importance of discipline in the matter of the higher aims of life. Young people are brought up too much in the hit or miss fashion. If they hit it is by accident, but they usually miss. If we are to win real success in the higher realms of doing we must become accustomed to aiming definitely at noble results and continue to shoot at our target until we can hit the bullseye.

(501)

### RESPONSIBILITY FOR FREEDOM.

The death of Mrs. Gladstone has brought to light some new anecdotes concerning her relation to her famous husband. Among others the story is told that just after their marriage, Mr. Gladstone, who had already been Minister, asked her: "Shall I tell you nothing, and you can say anything; or shall I tell you everything, and you say nothing?" She chose the latter. He told her everything, and she never told anything. God deals with us as Mr. Gladstone dealt with his wife. He gives us freedom. We have the power to choose and we are responsible for that choice. Paul had this in his mind when he wrote to the Galatians, "Ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another."

(502)

### APPEALS TO FEAR.

A writer in the North American Review has observed that the appeals to fear have well nigh ceased, and yet there is no fact which we are so compelled to see as the fact of retribution. The law of retribution works in our present life. We become aware of it in our earliest infancy, and we never become developed in character until we have learned to fear that which is evil and to shun the consequences of sin. There is a sense of righteousness in all men, and all men know that unrighteousness brings punishment. It is fair to assume that what holds good in the present life, that what is a part of man's very structure here, will continue hereafter. We may give up entirely the notion of a material hell, but we can not give up the doctrine of retribution. Suffering must follow sin, and therefore to appeal to fear is not only legitimate but it is in accordance with the structure of man's nature. It is strange that preachers should be ceasing to preach about retribution at a time when the great novelists are reaching their largest circulation with such books as deal most strenuously with that subject.

(503)



### THE CLOCK OF THE THREE GRACES.

Among the exhibits at the World's Fair in Paris is a white marble clock, for which an offer of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been made. The clock is by Falconet, and is composed of statuettes of three nymphs standing and is called the "Clock of the Three Graces." The nymphs are connected by festoons of flowers, surrounding a broken fluted pillar, which serves as the base of a two-handled vase decorated with festoons of oak leaves. The vase contains the works of the clock, to the dial of which one of the nymphs is pointing with her finger. The owner intends to leave it to the Louvre on his death. Every sincere Christian is a clock in the "Clock of the Three Graces;" the graces Paul speaks about in his first letter to the Corinthians when he says, "But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." In the Christian's case it is love that points to the dial plate of life.

(504)

### THE BLESSING OF A CHEERFUL HEART.

It is claimed that a species of butterfly has been discovered on the Gulf coast of Florida that will cure consumption. These butterflies feed upon the rare blossoms of what is known as the "fever weed." The fever weed is so called because of its well-known power to check the spread of Cuban fever among cattle and horses. A gentleman noticed that the butterflies feeding on these blossoms are golden and green in hue like the flowers and he wondered if they did not partake of the weed's healing power. The Cuban cattle fever destroys the lungs of the afflicted animals, but may be checked if the weeds are eaten in the early stages. People have often tried it for consumption, but the result has always been failure to discover just where its virtue lies. Mr. Frederick R. Knight, of Venice, Florida, writes of it as follows:

"More clever than any human chemist, these little butterflies have solved the mystery, and during their short lives continually sip from the blossoms the essence of the great remedy. I discovered the fact through a practical joke, so you see there is some good even in a joke.

"A friend of mine from the North, suffering in the last stages of consumption, came to pay me a visit. He had heard of the fever weed and asked me if it would not benefit him. I told him no, and on the spur of the moment said that the butterflies which feed upon its blossoms would. I was sure the deception would do him no harm and accordingly made the dried bodies of a few of the insects into a powder.

"As a drowning man catches at a straw, he took the powder from day to day. The very strangeness of the idea seemed to convince him of its truth. In a month he said he was vastly improved, but I thought it was merely his imagination.

"At length evidences of his recovery were so manifest that I was amazed and insisted that a medical examination of his lungs be made. We went to Atlanta together, and you can imagine my astonishment when three of Georgia's most eminent physicians pronounced his lungs perfectly healthy."

However this may be, I am sure that a light heart made cheerful by trust in God has the power to check and cure that more terrible consumption of anxiety and care, that devours the soul.

(505)

### FRIVOLOUS CHRISTIANS.

While the firemen were engaged in fighting a fire in a great New York block, and were bending their energies to save human life, and if possible the great building from complete destruction, a woman, evidently in great excitement and fear, rushed up to the fire lines. "Save them! Oh, please, save them!" she cried. "They'll be burned up sure if you don't bring them out!" And then she began to weep and lament in a most heart-breaking fashion. "Where are your children, madam?" said one of the firemen. "What floor are they on, and in what room?" "They're in the dentist's office on the second floor," sobbed the woman, "and they'll surely be burned—boo—hoo—hoo—and I was to have 'em to-morrow to wear to church and to a dinner at a friend's." The firemen stood amazed and for a moment forgot that there was a fire. "Wear 'em to church and to dinner?" gasped one. "Your children?" "Who said children?" demanded the weeping woman, "they ain't children—they're teeth; they're my set of false teeth. The dentist promised to have them repaired for me by to-morrow, and I must have them. Oh, please save them before they're burned up." I fear that many members of the Christian church are as inconsistent as that in relation to the great



purpose for which the church exists. They would interfere with a revival of religion, and stop earnest souls from throwing out the life line to save the lost in order to have a dinner or a party.

(506)

#### FROM CANOE TO OCEAN LINER.

Chief Nicola, or Big Thunder, of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, is eighty years old, and he wants to smoke the pipe of peace with the Great Father at Washington. So he is going thither, but not in the style of modern days, riding on the cushions of a railroad train. He is going in his canoe. Peter Nicola, an Indian of strong frame and in his prime, will accompany Big Thunder, and together they will float down the Penobscot to the Big Water, and follow down the coast to the home of the great white chief. Their canoe is built from the bark of the silver birch. It is sewed with cedar roots and the seams are sealed with pitch. It is a far cry from the canoe of the Penobscot Chief to one of the great ocean liners which carries thousands of passengers across the Atlantic in five days. It is suggestive of the rapid march of civilization. In an age when the steam ship has taken the place of the canoe, the church must be ready to adapt itself in its methods to the conditions of modern life. The church that sticks to the canoe will certainly be distanced. This is the age of the steamboat in more senses than one.

(507)

#### THE MASTER PASSION.

A Negro convict was recently taken from Wichita to the Kansas penitentiary. On the way he begged the sheriff to tell the Warden that he was sickly and not able to work in the coal mines. The sheriff promised, and, after seeing the Warden told the Negro that it was all fixed; that he was not to work in the coal mines, but be watchman at the dead house, instead. "Gosh, Almighty!" shouted the affrighted Negro, "Tell dat wahden I kin dig fohty tons ob coal a day, an' don' let him put me wid dem corpses!" The Negro was lazy, but his laziness was insignificant compared to his superstition. When the master passion came into play laziness vanished into thin air. This humorous story suggests a great truth. If we give ourselves up to love God, and to love his cause supremely, it will master and overcome every temptation to evil.

(508)

#### THE BEAUTY OF LOVE IN FAMILY LIFE.

Mr. T. P. O'Conner, a member of Parliament, tells a beautiful story of the domestic life of Gladstone. On the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone went to a reception at an old friend's house. When it began to get late, Mr. Gladstone went over to his wife and, with an expression of sweetness and tenderness, took her by the hand as though she were a little child that had to be reminded that it was time to go to bed, and led her out of the room. Mr. O'Conner said it was a sight that might well have brought tears. Such love beautifies and glorifies family life, and makes it a foretaste of the heavenly home beyond.

(509)

#### THE ABANDONED TRAIL.

Geronimo, the famous old Apache chief, has a wardrobe of buckskin clothes, fine beads, and elk teeth, which he used to wear on the war path. He still retains them as a relic of by-gone days, though he has been offered a thousand dollars for them. Though the old chief cannot read or write himself, he is very anxious that his people shall be educated in the way of the white man. "Apache trail no good any more," is the terse way in which he puts it. Wise old chief! A man ought to do like that when he becomes a Christian. There should be no hankering after the fleshpots of Egypt. We should abandon the devil's trail altogether.

(510)

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF FOOD.

A recent writer says some very striking things about the importance of well prepared food. He declares that a bad dinner, badly cooked accentuates your evil passions three fold. The weak man flies from the house after the wretched meal and drowns his sorrows at the nearest bar! He confesses that this may be a slight exaggeration, but maintains that a series of bad dinners will undermine the strongest will in the world. This writer urges that the result of good living are, health, good spirits, improved moral tone, economy, love of home and charitableness. Surely that is a very attractive list and no one can deny that the influence of good food will be helpful toward them all. But important as good food is for the body it is surely not more important than proper food for the soul. Men can not expect to feed the mind and the heart on vicious meditations and produce a strong wholesome



character. The Bread of Life is within the reach of every man and woman in our Christian lands, and it is the first duty of Christian people to carry it to the starving multitude in heathen lands. (511)

#### THE GOSSIP MONGER.

A pigeon recently alighted on one of the open windows of a Catholic church in Milwaukee and becoming frightened flew into the edifice, making at once for the highest point it could discover. The sexton made vain efforts to drive it out. The windows were opened and the doors left ajar, but the bird would not leave. Finally being unable to get it out he determined after several days to have it shot. He secured the services of an expert wing shot and entered upon the strange task. Several shells were specially prepared, a good gun was selected, and the Nimrod wended his way to the church. He hesitated when he saw a number of people at prayer, and wanted to withdraw, but the sexton insisted that he go ahead with his work. He informed the priest in charge of what was intended, the hunter took his stand near the altar of the church, and awaiting a favorable chance fired. Down tumbled the poor, half-starved bird and up jumped the startled parishioners. The situation was readily understood, however, and soon forgotten beyond that the marksman and the sexton have marked it in their list of great events. There is worse kind of gunnery than that sometimes goes on in churches, when a gossip starts some silly or malicious story which explodes again and again until the character of some good man or innocent woman is assassinated. A malicious gossip is a murderer of the worst sort. (512)

#### THE KEY LOG.

A lumberman recently talking about rafting logs says that a log jam is one of the most formidable problems to be encountered in his line of business. The breaking of a jam is a very delicate operation and seems to be largely a matter of instinct with old river men. The lines and angles of strain in such a blockade are so complicated that the best engineer in the world is apt to go wrong in indicating the proper point of attack. A veteran lumberman, on the contrary, will often take a long look at the mass and then point out the "key log." The key log is the timber on which the strain centers, and when it is blown out or pried out, the pack, in almost every instance, will break up of itself. We see something like that in human life. How often a family is held together by one person. The father or mother or one of the younger folks is the "key log," and when death or misfortune pries them out the family all goes to pieces. The same thing often happens in church life. It is better to center our hopes on Jesus Christ and concentrate all our force about him, for he shall never be dislodged. (513)

#### REWARDS FOR SERVICE AND VICTORY.

The war in South Africa has brought to light a number of interesting statements in regard to the rewards and pensions which England has from time to time bestowed upon those who have suffered and won victories for her flag. Among other interesting things there is published the official rate of compensation for wounds and injuries in war. Where it is a Major General or a Brigadier-General the allowance is three hundred and fifty pounds a year; if it is a Colonel or a Lieutenant-Colonel it is three hundred pounds a year, while a Major receives two hundred pounds; a Captain, one hundred pounds, and a Lieutenant only seventy pounds. God does not deal with his heroic soldiers in that way. A Lieutenant will receive just as great a reward as a Major General. The blessings promised in the book of Revelation are, "To him that overcometh," whether he be at the head of the army or only a private. The reason of that is that we are all God's children. A true king would love his children just the same and be ready to reward them equally for loyal service though one served as a General and the other as a private. God is not only our perfect king but our perfect Father as well. (514)

#### PASSING GLORY.

The monuments of earth soon pass away. An English newspaper has an interesting article on the rapid decay of Westminster Abbey. It seems that in the time of Sir Christopher Wren the decay was four inches deep, and fell off perpetually in large scales. Seven centuries of wear in the moist English climate is rapidly disintegrating the material of which it is constructed. The repairing, too, in its own way hastens the decay. The new stuff seems to tear away the old material. Thus it is that the proudest monuments of man's pride are



rapidly sinking into dust. How much better it is to lay up our treasures in heaven where nothing can corrupt. Deeds of service rendered our fellows, which help to build up in them the undying graces of the Spirit will give us a monument in heaven which shall be immortal.

(515)

### THE HELP THAT CAME TOO LATE.

An American art student died not long ago in Paris of starvation, and some three weeks later he was being advertised for by a firm of London solicitors, as an uncle had recently died in Illinois bequeathing him a property worth two hundred thousand dollars. He died after having applied vainly several times to his uncle, whose belated inheritance came too late. How often it is that our help is delayed too long to be of service. There is an old proverb which says, "He who helps quickly helps twice." It is the friend "in need," who is "the friend indeed." Do not put off until to-morrow an opportunity to say the kind word or to stretch out the hand of help to the man within your reach. "To-day is the day of salvation," is a proverb as true in our relation to our fellows as in our relation to God. (516)

### INTELLECTUAL HOSPITALITY.

Speaking of that larger hospitality and tolerance which we ought to exercise toward those who differ with us in religious opinion, Dr. George H. Hepworth says: That when a man believes that he has a monopoly of the truth he is mentally deformed. The absolute truth has not yet been discovered, and until it is we must occupy different standpoints and see things in different ways. It is pure arrogance to assume that you are right and those who disagree with you are in the wrong. If the truths of religion were like the facts of science, and you could prove your faith as you can prove a problem in algebra, or as you can prove that two and two make four, you might be excused for your intolerance, but where we are all seekers, using equal intellect, working with equal desire, it is worse than folly for one man or body of men to denounce another because their conclusions are not accepted as final. He also says, "There is very little variety of opinion as to what we ought to do, but a large variety as to what we ought to think. No one can fail to receive the approval of the Lord who does what is right because it is right, and hates the wrong, because it is wrong. He must needs go to heaven at last, since there is no other place in the universe for him."

(517)

### RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS WORK.

When the police in Denmark find a man helplessly drunk in the streets they drive the patient in a cab to the station, where he sobers off; then they take him home. The cabman makes his charge, the police doctor makes his, the agents make their claim for special duty, and this bill is presented to the landlord of the establishment where the drunkard took the last glass that did the business. In God's book the man who gave him the first glass will be held responsible as well as the man who gave him the last. Very heart-searching is that word that declares "Cursed is he who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips and maketh him drunken also." And that surely will apply not only to the man who sells liquor over the bar, but to the one who offers it to another at his table.

(518)

### LIFE BECOMING BARREN.

A great lake has vanished in South Africa. When Livingston visited Lake Ngami in 1849 he found that its water was slowly disappearing and that its banks were being covered with rank vegetation. To-day there is no water in the lake, its place being occupied by a great morass. The river Lauche formerly flowed into this lake, but now the tributaries that led to the lake are dry, and the river itself is also choked up. The reason apparently is because the mouth of the river was gradually filled with thousands of small floats or rafts used by the natives. The water found itself powerless against an obstacle like this, and the result is that the river and lake have become dry, and that what once was a fertile agricultural region is now bleak and barren. How often is the same sad transformation witnessed in a human life. A man receiving into his heart the river of the water of life abounds in all the beautiful graces of the Spirit, but the world's floats and rafts clog up the channel of communication between heaven and his heart, until after awhile there is no more communication, and the graces of the Spirit die out, and the life becomes a bleak and barren plain of worldliness.

(519)



**THE GAMBLING MANIA.**

A wealthy woman recently went to New York with her son and they put up at one of the best hotels. One evening the lady discovered that she had been robbed of her jewels, and asked her son, in whom she had the most implicit confidence, to go with her to the police station to give notice of the theft. As they got to the station house and were starting up the steps, the young man grasped his mother's arm and said: "Don't go in there, Mother." "Why not, my son?" asked the woman. "Because I took the diamonds, Mother." "Why, John!" said the woman, and leaned white as death against the iron railing of the station house. "Yes, I took them," said the young man; "I pawned them and lost the money on the races." He had gone to the races just to see the sport but the gambling mania had taken possession of him. Multitudes of young men in all our large cities are being ruined by the race track; and yet you would be astonished to find out how many highly respectable, and even professedly religious men, are the owners of race tracks. (520)

**JUDGED BY THEIR TUNES.**

A boss carpenter in New Jersey had one question which he always asked his journeymen who applied to him for employment. If the applicant was found to possess all the other necessary qualifications he would ask: "What are your favorite tunes?" "Why, what do you want to know that for?" "You whistle and sing some at your work, don't you?" "Oh, yes." "Well, what tunes do you generally whistle or sing?" "Oh, there's 'Down by the Weeping Willows,' and—" "That's enough!" the boss carpenter would exclaim. "You won't do for me, your tunes are too slow for me. Good day." On the contrary if the applicant answered, "Oh, I generally whistle 'Yankee Doodle,' or 'The Fisher's Hornpipe,' or anything cheerful and jolly," the carpenter would say at once: "I think you'll do! Take off your coat if you want to and go to work." The old carpenter was wise in his day and generation. It makes all the difference in the world what tune you set your life to. If you have it keyed to faith in God then cheerfulness and hopefulness will be your prevailing spirit. If you have it keyed to doubt and fear, then your prevailing temperament will be despair and gloom. (521)

**THE WAR AGAINST THE THISTLE.**

A new pamphlet has just been issued concerning the Canada thistle. It is against the law to let it go to seed in twenty-four different states. In some states the law directs that the plant itself shall be killed and in many sections the law is strictly enforced with excellent results. The law makers are logical when they seek to prevent the seed being sown. It is only in that way that evil may be overcome. The vile thistles that grow in our hearts and send their bristling thorns out into our conversation and daily deeds are born of evil seed. If we would live pure, wholesome lives we must beware of the thistle-seed. (522)

**CAUGHT BY GREED.**

One of the greatest birds in existence is the Great Albatross. Specimens have been found seventeen feet across the wings, and the average is more than eleven feet, wing measurement. A naturalist being on a ship followed by a large number of these birds desired to secure specimens to study. He found it unnecessary to use a barbed hook. He made a small metal frame and covered the sides of it with bits of fat pork. The birds seized this and their greediness would forbade their letting go until they were pulled on deck and captured. How many men and women there are who are captured by the enemy of their souls through their greed! (523)

**FLYING FOR SAFETY.**

A chaircar was discovered to be on fire about seven miles from Des Moines not long ago. The fire was between the two floors of the car. The conductor and some of the passengers held a counsel as to what could be done. The fire could not be stopped without a hose and water power to throw the water back toward both ends of the car, and at that place in the fields where it was discovered there were no such conveniences. The fire had not yet eaten its way through the floor, so the passengers needed to have no immediate fear. While they stood undecided the conductor suddenly conceived a plan and immediately shouted: "All aboard, shove her through to Des Moines at full speed, Tommy," he yelled to the engineer, who crawled into his engine cab, pulled the throttle wide open and away the train sped. It



was a race to see which was the faster, the fire or the locomotive. The locomotive won and when they reached the yards at Des Moines the fire had almost eaten its way through the floor of the coach. It was quickly extinguished at the edge of the yards by means of a hose attached to a water main, and they drew into the depot on time. There are men and women who are on fire of evil. Their hearts are smoldering furnaces of the fires of passion which are still kept under hatches for the most part, but unless the baleful fire is quenched they will be destroyed. The only escape is in flight to him who is "Able to save unto the uttermost all those who come unto God by him."

(524)

#### A PRICELESS SOUVENIR.

Among the jewel collection of the Dowager Empress of Russia is an egg that commemorates a family storm and a royal problem. Nicolas II, the present Czar, when a boy, had, as all the world knew a most irrational and vehement love affair. Society was shocked, and his royal parents were greatly distressed. Nicolas was hurriedly sent around the world to complete his education and time and absence brought a satisfactory change to his mind. But the Empress grieved greatly over the separation from her son, and on Easter of that year the Czar gave her an egg, inside of which was a model of the ship in which her rebellious son was sailing away from his entanglement. A goldsmith of famous skill had spent ten months making the ship, which was of solid gold, mounted on a beryl stone, and was complete and accurate in every detail, down to the smallest cable. That is certainly a very interesting souvenir, but every sincere Christian who remains faithful to the end is to receive a souvenir far more interesting than that. It is described in the book of Revelations, where it is promised "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

(525)

#### PILGRIMS ON THE EARTH.

It will save us a great deal of sorrow and worry if we will keep in mind that we are only pilgrims in this world. That we are not at home here but are traveling to our home in the sky. Dr. Hepworth brings this out very strongly in one of his recent New York Herald sermons. He says:

"You are like a traveller through the country. Sometimes you will find luxurious accommodations, and be happy in your temporary surroundings. At other times you can command only the most meagre comforts, or, it may be, no comforts at all. It is the pilgrim's fate. Yesterday the sun shone in all his splendor, and you sat by the stream or under the tree in perfect peace, your heart filled with gratitude. To-day the clouds gather, the storm bursts, you are in a sorry plight, and you find it difficult to meet the conditions which prevail. Once in a while the road is smooth and you make great progress; then, again, it is almost impassable, and your strength and patience are tested to the utmost.

"That is what befalls all pilgrims. Unless you have something within which makes you glad in spite of tempest and struggle, you are poor indeed. If you demand good fare and are the slave to your environment, you will live to little purpose and be a disappointment to the very angels who have you in charge. Religion in its broad, not in its narrow, sense—the religion which has a heaven in its geography and a Divine Providence in its philosophy, is the only thing under the sun that can furnish contentment and enable you to achieve your mission as a son of God, who has dominion over the earth."

(526)

#### THE SPIRIT WHICH MAKETH ALIVE.

There is an old proverb which says that fine feathers cannot make fine birds. Brick and stone and architecture and rich furnishings may constitute a mansion, but they can never make a real home. If the home spirit be lacking no amount of wealth can take its place. Anna J. Grannis makes this very clear in her little poem entitled "Two Homes:"

A beautiful room with tinted walls,  
A bust where the colored sunlight falls,  
A lace-hung bed with a satin fold,  
A lovely room all blue and gold,  
And weariness.

A quaint old room with rafters bare,  
A low white bed, a rocking-chair,  
A book, a stalk where a flower had been,  
An open door,—and all within  
Peace and content.

(527)

**COURAGE CONQUERING BULK.**

There used to be an old ballad which had for its burden, "When the pigs begin to fly." One flew the other day in a Western forest. A hunter to his dismay heard the squeal of a pig overhead. He dropped under cover of a friendly bush and watched. His dismay was not lessened when he beheld a pig flying away with the biggest wings he ever saw in his life. To let go both barrels was the next thing and then the explanation was easy. An eagle had stolen a pig and was making off with it. The shot killed the bird instantly. The pig was the first to hit the ground, screaming every inch of the way until he struck the earth. Then came the bird. The pig weighed forty-two pounds and had been carried half a mile by an eagle weighing only ten pounds. One pound of eagle easily masters four pounds of pig. You see the same difference among men and women. The men who have the eagle spirit will always dictate destiny to the porkers. (528)

**THE COMING BROTHERHOOD.**

In this day of war and rumors of war it is well for Christians to keep in mind the great fact, that in the heart of God war is doomed, and that even war itself is hastening its own destruction. The universal peace and brotherhood shall come. Surely it is a time when we may pray with Robert Burns:

"Then let us pray that come it may—  
And come it will for a' that—  
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth  
Shall bear the gree, and a' that.  
For a' that and a' that  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brithers be for a' that."

(529)

**MUSIC OF THE HEART.**

Among the many odd and grotesque looking objects in the National Museum, relics of a mysterious people who once flourished on this continent, is a unique collection of musical instruments, many of which, however crude in appearance, give forth tones as sweet and clear as they did a thousand years ago. Wherever man is found some kind of musical instrument is found with him. The truth is that God made man with music in his heart; he made us to sing. Sin takes the music out of us but Christ brings it back, and fills the voice with the melody of the soul. (530)

**OPPORTUNITY.**

Grim old Carlyle said, "You must seize an occasion by the foretop for she has no back hair." Some one brings this out clearly in a little poem in which the speaker is "Opportunity:"

Master of human destinies am I!  
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.  
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!  
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
And they who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,  
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.  
I answer not, and I return no more.

(531)

**HUMAN TUNDRA.**

One of the words we have been seeing frequently in the newspapers recently is "tundra." It is in the tundra or where it joins the beach that the easiest gold digging in the world is found at Cape Nome. The tundra is the low ground lying between the mountains and the beach. It is marshy and covered with grass and moss during the summer, and it never thaws more than a couple of feet below the surface. It has been considered useless but in this case has been found to be rich in gold. There is many a stretch of human tundra in our great cities which can be reached by earnest men and women who will approach it with as much determination and personal solicitude as the miners dig for gold in the tundra of Cape Nome. (532)



**THE GREAT ARCHER.**

R. H. Stoddard beautifully illustrates the theme of Horace Bushnell's great sermon on "Every Man's Life a Plan of God," in a beautiful little poem entitled "The Flight of the Arrow."

The life of man  
Is an arrow's flight,  
Out of darkness  
Into light,  
And out of the light  
Into darkness again;  
Perhaps to pleasure,  
Perhaps to pain!  
There must be Something,  
Above, or below;  
Somewhere unseen  
A mighty bow,  
A Hand that tires not,  
A sleepless Eye  
That sees the arrows  
Fly, and fly;  
One who knows  
Why we live—and die.

(533)

**THE DIAMOND IN THE CLAY.**

Some years ago Dr. Playfair, a famous physician, while attending a patient from the Orange Free State, happened to notice in the drawing room a piece of bright blue stone, from which a tiny brilliant point protruded. Seeing that his attention was attracted by this specimen, the patient begged him to examine it, told him that it was a mineralogical curiosity, that diamonds were rarely found under those particular geological conditions, and, finally, begged his acceptance of the stone, adding that the gift was only valuable as a curiosity. One day it occurred to the doctor to show his bit of blue clay to a jeweler and asked him to break up the lump and see how much of the glittering matter lay hidden from view. The jeweler advised against it, saying that they could see all there was of value in it, and that in breaking up the lump of clay they would spoil a very interesting specimen. Dr. Playfair, however, insisted and the jeweler was astonished upon crushing the clay to bring to light a very valuable diamond. Many a man and many a woman have been only useless lumps of clay until crushed under the hard hammer of affliction and trial, when the beautiful hidden diamond has been disclosed.

(534)

**MIGHTY LOVE.**

The power of love to lighten the heart of its burden, and to give men victories in hard places has seldom been more beautifully suggested than in these lines of Tennyson's:

I know that this was Life—the track  
Whereon with equal feet we fared:  
And then, as now, the day prepared  
The daily burden for the back.  
But this it was that made me move  
As light as carrier-birds in air:  
I loved the weight I had to bear,  
Because it needed help of Love:  
Nor could I weary, heart or limb,  
When mighty Love would cleave in twain  
The lading of a single pain,  
And part it, giving half to him.

(535)

**PERISHABLE BANNERS.**

It has been noticed that most of the battle flags of the Civil War have already fallen into decay. Even the older "Boating flags," at Yale and Harvard, highly prized as trophies of aquatic contests not more than forty years ago, are dropping to pieces, though made of the heaviest and most costly silks. Although cherished within glass cases, beyond the reach of settling dust or disturbing airs, the storied banners with their record of conflict and glory are slowly perishing. There is one banner which shall not perish. It is the banner of the cross which the Christian carries. It shall grow brighter as an emblem of victory while the eternal years roll on their way.

(536)



## INEXHAUSTIBLE RESOURCES.

The Christian has one promise that has no limit. Indeed there are many of them, but this is peculiarly comforting and fits every day's necessities as a well-made glove fits the hand. It is the promise that our strength shall be according to our day. Henry Stevenson Washburn illustrates it in a way to comfort the heart in a poem entitled "The Glad Assurance."

Oft in hours of pain and conflict  
Come these gracious words to me,  
Full of tenderness and pity,—  
As thy day thy strength shall be.  
Not a sparrow ever falleth,  
Nor a lamb bewildered stray,  
But His loving arms infold them,  
As they shelter me to-day.  
Ere the bruised reed is broken  
He will deign to hear my prayer,  
That no trial shall befall me  
Greater than the heart can bear.  
In what way relief I plead for  
Is to come I may not see;  
'Tis enough, Divine Compassion  
Will the burden lift from me.  
Oh, the peace this promise bringeth!  
All of doubt and fear aside,  
That my trusting heart may ever  
In His boundless love confide.

(537)

## THE EVAPORATION OF CHARACTER.

Sir W. Roberts-Austen has discovered that if gold be placed underneath a column of lead, and the two be kept hot, though at a temperature well below that at which lead melts, the gold defuses itself in the lead, so that even in twenty-four hours an appreciable quantity of the gold can be detected in the lower portion of the lead. The gold passes into the lead as steam might pass into wood. The action is slow, but it is sure. We have suggested in this the importance of choosing our associations. No man is strong enough in his character to presume on his strength and be sure that intimate association with evil will have no debasing effect on himself.

(538)

## THE HEAVENLY LADDER.

The story is told of a little child who on hearing read for the first time the dream of Jacob at Bethel, asked if the angels had to have a ladder and go step by step. Perhaps they do; at any rate that's the order on earth; one round at a time we are to climb, and the horizon widens as we climb. Some one sings our truth:

I reach a duty, yet I do it not—  
And therefore see no higher; but, if done,  
My view is brightened, and another spot  
Seen on my moral sun.  
For, be the duty high as angel's flight,  
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,  
E'en from its ashes; duty is infinite—  
Receding as the skies!  
And thus it is; the purest most deplore  
Their want of purity! As fold by fold,  
In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more  
Of duty they behold.  
Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes  
On duties crowding only to appal?  
No! duty is our ladder to the skies,  
And, climbing not, we fall.

(539)

## THE FOLLY OF MAN.

A scientific gentleman writing in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly relates that some years ago he read an article in a newspaper telling of a man catching a flock of crows by soaking corn in alcohol and leaving it for the crows to eat, and when they became drunk he



caught them. This gentleman says he tried bread crumbs soaked in whiskey on English sparrows, but they would not eat them, and he finally got a crow, and, though he kept him until he was very hungry he could not get him to eat corn soaked in whiskey, and he found no difficulty in picking up every unsoaked kernal and leaving the others. Wise bird. Solomon said that "in vain is the net set in the sight of any bird." But a man will watch the net set and then go straight into it. There is no doubt about it that man, who was made to be the wisest of all the creatures on the earth, is the biggest fool of the lot when he yields himself to be dominated by sin.

(540)

## LIVE TO-DAY.

The brevity of life, the rapidly vanishing opportunity, the importance of striking at the moment, is strongly presented in this little poem by S. S. Shephard.

O brother-man! life's little span  
Will soon be o'er;  
The opportunities it gives  
Will come no more.  
What of the deeds you should have done,  
The victories you should have won?  
The day declines—fast sinks the sun  
To western shore.

O brother-man! the Master seeks  
Today for men;  
Cause not the Lord, by thy delay,  
To call again.  
Gigantic ills oppress the land—  
There's want and woe on every hand;  
For God and right take valiant stand—  
Be faithful then!

O brother-man! *now* is the time  
In which to live;  
The Future is no mighty god  
With power to give.  
Do what thou hast to do *today*!  
From *present* needs turn not away!  
Let sloth nor ease cause no delay—  
Live! brother, live!

(541)

## THE HUMAN HARP.

A recent writer says that on a certain occasion he listened to a harpist. The musician touched the strings with the skill of genius, and the listener surrendered himself to the divine influences which vibrated in the air. At one moment it seemed as though the world were filled with the rejoicings of victory, and he was uplifted. At another moment the sounds brought forth were drenched with tears. The listener's heart was broken, for he was in the dark, and even the stars were blotted out. But sorrow and joy alike were divine music—not the same kind of music, but music which made earth beautiful and heaven seem very near. The listener went away saying to himself, "The harp is the soul of man, and on it is played the vicissitudes of a human life. There are strains of peace and strains of grief, which follow each other in quick succession. I weep, I laugh, I struggle, I die. But to the heart that is attuned it is all music. The good God is over us all, and when the work day is over, and we are called to rest, we shall see that there is a meaning in it all."

(542)

## "OVER THE RANGE."

A poet tells of a little maiden who lived near a great mountain range. Her father and mother had died and gone away to heaven. A stranger asked, "Where are your father and mother?" She answered, "When people die they go to the country over the range." The poet continues:

"And what is this country like, my lass?"  
"There are blossoming trees and pretty flowers,  
And shining creeks where the golden grass  
Is fresh and sweet from the summer showers.  
They never need work, nor want, nor weep;  
No troubles can come their hearts to estrange.  
Some summer night I shall fall asleep,  
And wake in the country over the range."



Child, you are wise in your simple trust,  
 For the wisest man knows no more than you.  
 Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust:  
 Our views by a range are bounded too;  
 But we know that God hath this gift in store,  
 That when we come to the final change,  
 We shall meet with our loved ones gone before  
 To the beautiful country over the range.

(543)

#### THE BIBLE AS THE KEYSTONE OF ENGLISH STYLE.

Cultivated young people are robbing themselves when they imagine that they have outgrown the Bible. Men and women of really great culture know that the Bible is the most important piece of literature in the world when measured simply as literature. Mr. J. H. Gardiner, in a recent magazine article, says that in all study of English literature, if there be any one axiom which every one has accepted without question, it is that the ultimate standard of English prose style is set by the King James version of the Bible. For examples of limpid, convincing narrative we go to Genesis, to the story of Ruth, to the quiet earnestness of the Gospels; for the mingled argument and explanation and exhortation in which lies the highest power of the other side of literature, we go to the prophets, and still more to the Epistles of the New Testament, and for the glow of vehemence and feeling which burns away the limits between poetry and prose, and makes prose style at its highest pitch able to stand beside the stirring vibrations of verse, we go to the Psalms or the book of Job or the prophecies of Isaiah, or to the triumphant declaration of immortality in the Epistle to the Corinthians. If one were to figure the whole range of English prose style in the form of an arch, one would put the style of the Bible as its keystone; and one would put it there not only because it is the highest point and culmination of prose writing, but also because it binds the whole structure together.

(544)

#### THE EVER LIVING CHRIST.

Lucy Larcom must have had in her thought those wonderful words of Jesus, "Because I live ye shall live also," when she wrote these verses:

To Thy Beyond no fear I give;  
 Because Thou livest, I live,  
 Unsleeping Friend! Why should I wake,  
 Troublesome thought to take  
 For any strange to-morrow? In Thy hand,  
 Days and eternities like flowers expand.

Odors from blossoming worlds unknown  
 Across my path are blown;  
 Thy robes trail hither myrrh and spice  
 From farthest paradise;  
 A walk through Thy fair universe with Thee,  
 And sun me in Thine immortality.

(545)

#### THE VALVE OF COURTESY.

A business man recently remarked that a great many public men have fallen because they have been discourteous to subordinates, to newsgathers, to voters, after election. On the other hand he declares that many have climbed to great height of power and reputation because they paid careful attention to the civilities of life. People have long memories. They never forgive an affront to their personal sovereignty. The moment a public man so far forgets the source of his power as to treat the humblest individual with scant courtesy, he places in action an engine for his own destruction. The highest courtesy springs from the heart, however, rather than the head. It takes no account of rank, or circumstance, or benefits to be derived. One of the direct appeals of the Bible to the Christian is "Be courteous."

(546)

#### THE HEROES WHO FAIL.

Not all the heroes are crowned in this world. A strong man has said that "To be great is to be misunderstood." That is often true here, but the truly great are always understood in heaven. God keeps an account and however failure may mark the path of the heroic soul on its earthly pilgrimage, the crowning day shall surely come. Elizabeth Cardozo sings a sweet tribute to "The Unsuccessful," who deserve and will finally have success.

We met them on the common way;  
 They passed and gave no sign—  
 The heroes that had lost the day,  
 The failures, half divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see  
 Their mighty ranks contain  
 Figures too great for victory,  
 Hearts too unspoiled for gain.

Here are earth's splendid failures, come  
 From glorious foughten fields;  
 Some bear the wounds of combat, some  
 Are prone upon their shields.

To us, that still do battle here,  
 If we in aught prevail,  
 Grant, God, a triumph not too dear,  
 Or strength, like theirs to fail.

(547)

### THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

It is only in Christ that we come to say with confident, trusting lips, "Our Father who art in Heaven." As another has well said, "Travel as far as you will, you cannot frame the word Father until you cross the line of Christianity, and under no other roof can the soul feel at home as it does there. Christ shocked all preconceived notions and tore the speculations of men to tatters, but every century has brought us into closer relations with His thought and deepened the conviction that He revealed the finality of religion. Our eyes have been blinded with the dust of ages, and we have mistaken a creed for a religion, but the progress of simple and childlike faith as the beginning, mean and end of a Christian life has at last brought us to a clearer conception of God and made religion a grand and welcome and inspiring necessity."

(548)

### A RECEPTIVE SOUL.

It is a great thing to walk out in nature in the summer days with a soul open to behold and receive impressions. How many who have eyes see not, and who having ears yet do not hear. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has a little poem in which she reveals the power of the natural world to teach the responsive spirit.

It was a weary hour.  
 I looked on the lily-bell,  
 How holy is the flower!  
 It leaned like an angel against the light;  
 "O, soul!" it said, sighing, "be white, be white!"

I stretched my arms for rest.  
 I turned to the evening cloud—  
 A vision how fair, how blest!  
 "Low heart!" it called softly, "arise and fly,  
 It were yours to reach levels as high as I."

I stooped to the hoary wave  
 That wept on the darkening shore.  
 It sobbed to me: "Oh, be brave!  
 Whatever you do, or dare, or will,  
 Like me, go striving, unresting still."

(549)

### THE GOOD CROWDING OUT THE BAD.

The Christian idea of life is not of a man always standing on guard defending himself from invasion, but an aggressive, victorious knight who goes forth in chivalric spirit to save others. Paul says, "Walk in the spirit and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh." The man who is given over to Christ has no time for the service of Satan. As some one has said, "I do no mean thing, because I am too big to do it. I lie not, because a lie has no place in my destiny. There is no room for wrong in my life, therefore I do the right, whatever the cost may be."

(550)



# CURRENT ANECDOTES

(EXCLUSIVELY FOR PREACHERS.)

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## CONTENTS:

	PAG.
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT EVENTS,	323-335
EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT, - - -	336-337
DEPARTMENTS:	
CHINESE ANECDOTES, CONFUCIANISM,	337-340
GLEANED FROM LIFE, - - -	340-342
THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN - - -	342
STATISTICS, - - -	343-345
PASTORAL SUGGESTIONS, - - -	345-347
SELECTED POETRY, - - -	347-349
UNUSUAL, - - -	349-351
INDEX, - - -	352
SCRIPTURE TEXTS ILLUSTRATED, - -	352

### To Our Readers.

We are perfecting arrangements for new departments and special features for Current Anecdotes, beginning with the October number, that will make it absolutely necessary to the wide awake minister, each number presenting subjects, in addition to the illustrative anecdotes, that will result in increased usefulness, and increase the benevolences of the church.

Over \$500 will be spent for contributed matter, and the announcement of the list of contributors for the coming year will please you, and surprise you.

Would you like to know how the missionary offering of the church was increased from \$300 to \$3,000 per year? You will find out in the September or October issue.

There is nothing that will improve Current Anecdotes that we will not have, and while our plans and policy for the coming year are practically settled, we will be pleased to have suggestions from our readers, and we will seriously consider the addition of any department suggested by two or more.

F. M. BARTON, Pres't.

### "The Minister Himself."

The comments from those who have ordered and read "The Minister Himself", are so unusually favorable, that we reprint a review of it from "The New York Christian Advocate", July 19 J. M. Buckley, editor:

A book comes to the reader with a sad impressiveness when its author has passed away from this world and its affairs before it has appeared in printed form, leaving it behind him as his message. Such is the case with an admirable little volume entitled "The Minister Himself", by the Rev. Charles Sheard, a well-known pastor in our own Church, a man of high character and much influence. He died very suddenly and unexpectedly shortly after the completion of the manuscript, while on his way home from the session of Northern New York Conference. His book is the out-growth of years of careful observation, personal experience, and extensive reading. It is written on a strictly denominational basis, and its author hoped that it would be found a convenient and helpful manual to those engaged in the sacred office, of whatever religious affiliations. Its tone is popular and practical, cheery and wholesome, neglecting no detail as too unimportant for consideration by the man who wishes to devote soul and body at their best to the work of God in the world, but laying the chief emphasis on the need of a deep and warm spirituality. It can be heartily commended to all young men in the ministry, as well as to those who are looking forward to it. (F. M. Barton, Cleveland, O., 12 mo. \$1.50.)

### "Lectures on the Apocalypse"

The following is quoted from the preface of "Lectures on the Apocalypse" by Joseph A. Seiss, in three volumes; price \$2.50:

"There is a widespread prejudice against the study of the Apocalypse. Though it is the great prophetic book of the New Testament, the last of all the writings of Inspiration, a special message from the ascended Saviour to His Churches on earth, and pressed upon every one's attention with uncommon urgency, there are religious guides, sworn to teach 'the whole counsel of God', who make a merit of not understanding it, and of not wishing to occupy themselves with it. If such treatment of an acknowledged part of the Sacred Canon is compatible with ministerial fidelity and Christian duty, the author of these Lectures is very much mistaken in his understanding of Christ's commands, as well as in his estimate of the purposes for which a Divine Revelation has been given."

And many ministers will be glad to be reminded of such a work, commended as it is by Dr. C. I. Scofield, R. A. Torrey, W. G. Moorehead and others. It is published by Charles C. Cook, 47 Broad St., New York.

### "The Apartolic Aye."

"The Apartolic Aye." Volume I in ten epochs of Church History, edited by John Ful-

ton, D. D., LL. D. is a volume of 542 pages. The author, Vernon Bartlett, lecturer in church history in Mansfield college, and sometime scholar of Exeter college, has presented the early church in an original and interesting manner. It will prove valuable for ministers especially, not only as a book of reference but as presenting aspects of the subject that will prove suggestive in sermon study.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York are the publishers and the price is \$2.00.

Note: These books may be ordered from the publishers or from Current Anecdotes, at the prices named. All books reviewed in Current Anecdotes can be ordered from the Current Anecdotes Co., Cleveland, O.

## DEPARTMENTS.

### Incidents Old and New, Biography, History, Art, Poetry, Hymnology, etc.

Edited by F. M. Barton.

## CHINESE ANECDOTES. CONFUCIANISM.

Just outside the capital city of China stands an image, with a memorial tablet bearing this inscription, "Kung-foo-Tse, A King without a kingdom, yet reigning in hearts innumerable." The religion of the Chinese Empire, with its five hundred millions of people, is little more than a personal reverence for this illustrious man. He was superintendent of parks in the province of Lu, and, being brought into contact with much official corruption, was, as his biographer says, "frightened at what he saw." The times were out of joint; the Empire seemed hastening to its fall. Kung-foo-Tse, or Confucius, stood forth saying: "I will show you a more excellent way. It is foolish to speak of God and Heaven and incomprehensible things. One thing we know; that is, present life and present duty. There is a region lying at our doors, where each may put forth his best energies for the public good." It will be seen that his purpose was not to originate a religious system, but to reform the present order. The sacred book is the "Analects of Confucius." Its central thought is the kingdom. Christ also spoke of a kingdom, by which He meant the kingdom of Truth and Righteousness, the kingdom of Heaven, the kingdom of God. But the kingdom of which Confucius dreamed was of a far more material sort; it was the Chinese Empire. His "religion" is merely a system of civil economics. The Confucianist looks forward to no heaven; he dreams of no tabernacle descending from above in millennial glory. His celestial empire is China here and now.

(1104)

### World Conquerors

Lord Wolsley, in an interview, says: China possesses every requisite for overrunning the world. She has a population of 400,000,000, all speaking the same language, or dialect, readily understood from one end of the em-

A new department will be added to the Ladies Home Journal, to be edited by Cynthia Westover Alden, president-general of the International Sunshine Society. The department will be devoted to this society, the fee for gaining it being an act of kindness. Amateur photographers will be interested in the journal's prize offer for photographs of rural scenes. We wonder if ministers and others interested in the welfare of the world, realize that a powerful influence for good such a journal exerts. If the circulation of strictly religious papers are on the wane, it is encouraging to note how much space in family papers are given up to making the world better individually and collectively.

pire to the other. She has enormously developed wealth, and still more enormous natural wealth awaiting development. Her men, if properly drilled and led, are admirable soldiers. They are plucky and able to live on next to nothing. Moreover, they are absolutely fearless of death. Begin with the foundation of millions upon millions of such soldiers as these men are capable of being made, and tell me, if you can, where the end will be." (1105)

### The Bear.

Russia is playing for a gigantic prize. The provinces of Shantung, Chihli and Shansi are but little larger than the states of New York and Pennsylvania, but they have a combined population of 70,000,000. It is the sturdiest and thriest population of China; the population best acquainted with civilized inventions and most ready to accept more. These provinces contain all the railroads of China, the only electric railway, the only mines operated by machinery, and more miles of telegraph than the balance of the empire.—*Leslies' Weekly*. (1106)

### Turbulent Missionaries.

We are hearing quite enough about "the trouble" caused by the missionaries in China, Turkey and elsewhere; indeed, this political cynicism is increasing so rapidly and withal so causelessly that we have no patience with Lord Salisbury's work in this direction, says *Christian Work*. One day recently the Premier addressed the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at its bicentenary meeting, and reminded its members that missionary effort often made a deal of trouble in its secular results. Of course—it is the missionaries, according to Lord Salisbury, the preachers of a living Christianity, that have caused all the



trouble. Lord Salisbury, himself a High Churchman, recalled the Oriental proverb, which says "First comes the missionary, then the consul and then the general," and evidently intended it as a reminder of the endless complications that missionary zeal involves. Even if it were true that missionaries were the cause of the trouble, Lord Salisbury should remember that missionaries have done more to civilize and spread trade than all the armies, to say nothing of their God-commanded work. (1107)

#### Fatalists.

Lord Charles Beresford some time since visited some Chinese forts. Observing the arrangement of a muzzle loader he saw that it would have to be loaded in the magazine, and that a badly sponged gun as a burning wad might blow the whole thing up. He pointed this out and said he never saw anything so dangerous. The mandarin said: "You are the cleverest man I ever met. That is just what happened last year. We did fire the gun and about 50 men were killed." War with a people like this means almost extermination. And how discouraging the missionary efforts of a half century in China, were they not made at God's command. He never loses. (1108)

#### Two Incendiary Placards.

Two placards were found posted in Tai-cheng. They are given in the Pekin-Tientsin Times of the issue of May 5, which has just been received in this city.

In its editorial on the subject the Times says of the placard, which is in verse, that it is a superior literary production and bears the stamp of an educated mind. This not only indicates a tactful and gradual education of the public, but excites the native prejudice toward a culminating point. The Chinese have been helped individually by the missionaries, but the Chinese Empire is unchanged, as far as religion is concerned.

The placard in verse reads:

The gods assist the Boxers,  
The Patriotic Harmonious corps,  
It is because the "foreign devils" disturb the  
"Middle Kingdom,"

Urging the people to join their religion,  
To turn their back on Heaven,  
Venerate not the gods and forget the ancestors.

Men violate the human obligations

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Foreign devils" are not produced by mankind,

If you do not believe,

Look at them carefully,

The eyes of all the "Foreign Devils" are bluish,

No rain falls,

The earth is getting dry,

This is because the churches stop Heaven,

The gods are angry;

The Genii are vexed;

Both come down from the mountains

To deliver the doctrine.

This is no hearsay.

The practice of Boxing will not be in vain;  
Reciting incantations and pronouncing magic words.

Burn up yellow written prayers,

Light incense sticks,

To invite the gods and Genii of all the grottoes,

The gods come out from grottoes,

The Genii come down from the mountains,

Support the human bodies to practice the boxing.

When all the military accomplishments or tactics are fully learned,

It will be difficult to exterminate the "Foreign Devils" then.

Push aside the railway tracks,

Pull out the telegraph poles;

Immediately after this, destroy the steamers.

The Great France

Will grow cold in her heart and downhearted,  
The English and Russians will certainly disperse.

Let the various "Foreign Devils" all be killed.

May the whole elegant Empire of the Great  
Ching Dynasty be ever prosperous!

The prose placard reads:

"The relatives and friends of all round notice, recently, that the members of the Protestant and Roman Catholic religions poison the wells with poisonous powder, that whoever drinks the water will have their lungs and intestines rotten in eighteen days. Two men have been arrested by us at Liu-Li-Chang, and we found out that they have poison all over their bodies. They are silent when they are questioned, and bold when tortured. Whoever smells the poison will die immediately; you must be very cautious in drinking the water. Those who have seen this notice must make it known; it will avoid the calamity of the people. It must by all means be done." (1109)

#### Missionary Heroism.

Writing to the Christian Endeavor World on "Missionary Heroism I Have Known," Mr. Robert E. Speer relates the following account of the life work of Mrs. Mateer of Tung-chow, China:

"One of the most heroic missionary lives I have known closed in this lower sphere of service on February 18, in Tung-chow, China. Julia Brown was born near Delaware, O., July 6, 1837. Her mother died when she was eight years old and her father when she was fifteen. When she was eighteen she confessed Christ as her Saviour; and, having spent her small patrimony in her education, went out to make her own way in the world.

"In 1862 she married the Rev. Calvin W. Mateer, and the next year they started for China on a sailing vessel, which took 167 days to go around the Cape of Good Hope to Shanghai. The food and the treatment by the captain permanently injured Mrs. Mateer's

health, but a murmur never once in her long missionary life of thirty-four years escaped her lips. In all the time she came home to the United States but twice.

"The great work of her life was at the Tung-chow College, which she and her husband founded and developed. She taught, had charge of the accounts, looked after the boarding department and a hundred things. She studied medicine and became a skillful physician. But most of all she sunk her life into the lives of the young men. Of this slow, loving, exhausting work she never wearied; she hungered to win lives to Christ, and of the 142 graduates every one is a Christian.

"On her sixtieth birthday the Chinese Christians presented her with a large blue tablet inscribed with the four Chinese characters signifying 'The Venerable Nourishing Mother of Heroes.' Her young men have gone far and wide through China, and wherever they have gone her remarkable influence has gone also. She sought no fame. She endured hardness. She smiled at suffering. She did not desire ease. All lesser heroism of bravery in physical peril in her life pales beside the noble heroism of a whole life, frail and painful often, spent without pride or plaint for the young men of China."

(1110)

#### Temple and Worshipers Waiting.

The head of a college at Ning-po some years ago got an invitation from a Chinese city in which no English missionary had ever set foot. In that place there had come two or three Chinese Christians with the love of Christ in their hearts and the Chinese Bible in their hands, and they had begun to preach Christ in that great city. The letter to Mr. Hoare was from forty men in that city, asking that he would come and examine them and baptize them in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. The letter contained something else besides this request, viz., the title deeds of a buddhist temple. These forty men said, "We have purchased this temple with our own money, and we are asking you to come and dedicate it to the service of God, and to form us into a congregation, that we may be a light in this dark place." When Bishop Burdon, of Hong-kong, saw this letter he said to my friend, "I would like to go with you;" and these two men went, the first English missionaries to visit that Chinese city. They examined these men and found that they were simply resting upon the Saviour's merits, as believers in Him. One Sabbath day, at six o'clock in the morning, in that Buddhist temple, from which the idol and all that belonged to the idolatry of the past days had been swept away, those forty men were baptized into the faith of Jesus Christ. At midday they assembled again and our bishop laid his hands upon them in confirmation of their faith; and in the evening when the sun had set, the table that had so often smoked with incense to Buddha was spread with the emblems of our Lord's dying love, and those forty men sat

down with the missionaries and professed their faith in Jesus Christ and Him crucified. (1111)

#### Chinese Students.

An article on Harvard and Yale in China in Everybody's Magazine, says that the 9,000 cells where the students take their examinations are very low and uncomfortable, and no attempt is made to ameliorate the lot of the student by providing him with either heat or clothing. They are smaller than the ordinary stateroom on an Atlantic liner, and the plank that forms their single article of furniture has to serve both as table and bed. It is not surprising that confinement in these miserable cells should prove a severe strain on the health of the boys, and even cause the death of the aged student, who is unable to withstand the exposure and the severe physical trial in addition to the mental strain that he is already undergoing. (1112)

Dr. W. A. P. Martin, who has had a larger experience of Chinese students than any other foreigner, in his "Cycle of Cathay," says: "Students who are dubious as to their intellectual equipment are, as the day approaches, especially careful of their moral conduct. In lieu, however, of the weightier matters of the law, they are apt to substitute such humane acts as the rescue of ants that are struggling in the mud, the release of mice caught in a trap, or the restoration to their watery element of fish purchased alive in the market. Any one of these acts inspires immense confidence, and who shall say that it has no effect on the results of the competition?" (1113)

#### Chinese Empire.

With the exception of the British and Russian empires, this is the largest dominion under the sun, and for population is unequaled. Its area stretches over 4,000,000 square miles, while its 400,000,000 inhabitants constitute the most prodigious mass of human beings ever found dwelling together in contiguous territory under one government. These hosts are strangely homogeneous, all making use of the same written language, and all displaying substantially the same type of civilization. China proper, or the eighteen provinces, that is, omitting the thinly peopled out-lying provinces like Mongolia, Manchuria, Tibet and Eastern Turkestan, has only one-third of the territory of the empire, but holds all the inhabitants except about 16,000,000. Considering the number of Chinese, their civilization, physical vigor, intellectual capacity, business sagacity and push, patience, economy, etc., it is evident that they are to play an important part in the history of the coming centuries. And certainly Christendom has no more tremendous task on hand than that of turning these innumerable hordes from Confucius to Christ. The Gospel was first introduced some fifteen hundred years ago by the Nestorians, who for a season appear to have met with considerable success, but later almost all traces of their presence disappeared. In



1850, through the Portuguese, Jesuits and other Catholic orders, pushed their propaganda far and wide and won converts by the hundred thousand. Apparently made vain and presumptuous by their power, they began to meddle with political matters, and carried themselves so haughtily as to stir up severest persecution and an edict of expulsion.

It was in 1807 that the first Protestant missionary began to knock for admission at the gates of the Celestial Empire (which had long been closed and barred) in the person of Morrison, sent out by the London Missionary Society, who for seven-and-twenty years lived the saint and hero to perfection, but died without ever having been able to hold a public service, and when only three or four had been touched with the renewing Spirit. Milne and Medhurst joined him within a decade, and later the American Board sent Bridgman, Wells Williams and Dr. Peter Parker, the father of medical missions. During this trying period, except at Macao, a landing could not be made upon Chinese soil, while only study of the language, translation of the Scriptures and tract distribution were possible, with evangelistic and educational work done among Chinamen resident in Malacca and elsewhere. It was not until 1842, and after years of war waged by Britain, that certain prominent ports were opened to foreigners for trade and other purposes, nor until after the capture of Peking by the allies and the destruction of the Summer Palace in 1860 that the now thoroughly humbled and cowed Manchu rulers were persuaded to treat Euro-

pean powers as equals, and to tolerate the presence of outside barbarians ("foreign devils") throughout the provinces. Therefore it is only for about a generation that anything like a possibility has existed for the Christian occupation of China. When the opportunity came it was improved with no little alacrity. For, no less than 12 missionary societies entered during the forties, as many more during the next two decades, 11 also in the eighties, and 12 since the beginning of the current decade. So general has been the movement upon this stronghold of Satan that 56 denominations are represented, of which 25 are American, 17 British, 10 Continental and 4 are international. The China Inland Mission with its force of upwards of 800 men and women distributed through 16 of the provinces, is the most important single instrumentality for the redemption of this people.

This brief summary must suffice as a statement of what has been undertaken and achieved: The missionary force numbers 2,461, of whom 527 are ordained, 724 are unmarried women and 192 physicians.

The native laborers number 5,071; the stations and out-stations, 2,439; communicants, 80,700; schools, 1,871; with 35,000 pupils; the adherents must approximate to 300,000. The Roman Catholics claim a following of 1,000,000. The bulk of all the converts are found in the cities and villages located near the coast, while Tibet, though long besieged, is still inaccessible. (1114)

## GLEANED FROM LIFE.

### Choosing the Evil.

I once asked a head worker in an East Side district of New York, "Why don't you get some of these families transplanted to the suburbs, where rent is cheap and the air good?"

"You can't get them away from the fire escapes," she said. "No, not as a protection from fire, but as a balcony from which to view the world—their world, I mean.

"Take them away and they die of homesickness. The sight of the city, the stir of it, the very smell of it, are needed else they pine away. Back they come every time, as sure as a homing pigeon. The country weighs upon them—the spaces are so vast—the people so few. The world shuts up when the night comes down. They want to feel the pavement under foot; to know that men and women are above and about them, even if they do have words and smash things. The city has its grip upon them; and when that gets hold it never lets go." If they would only try the country for a year, they would appreciate its beauty and health. But how like sin and the sinner. (1115)

### An Olden Bell.

The bell which calls the congregation of the Collegiate Dutch Reformed church, Fifth avenue and Forty-eighth street, New York, to services every Sunday called the children of

the burgomasters of New Amsterdam to worship in the Middle Dutch church, on Nassau street, 170 years ago. It was brought from Holland and placed in the spire of the latter church in 1729 in compliance with the will of Col. Abraham De Peyster, who died in 1728. Christians can ring out the glad call every day. They need not wait for the Sabbath nor for some one to move them. (1116)

### True Charity.

A Jewish pauper is almost unknown in the United States. There are poor people among the Jews, but such is their system of charity that they are not allowed to become paupers. They help the poor in very practical ways to better their condition. Among the organizations for this purpose is one in New York city known as the Free Loan Association. It loans small amounts without interest and has been the means of starting in prosperous business on a small scale several hundred persons. The losses through dishonest borrowers are very small. This "help to self-help" plan is one to be commended. If it is so good for the Jew, it is good for other races. And its excellent working among that people is beyond question. Charity today too often consists in giving where it will make the biggest show, or where it is convenient. The heart must follow the hand. (1117)

**How Much.**

At the laying of the cornerstone of the new federal building in Chicago, Senator Mason said: "Think not so much of 'volume' but more of 'tone,' not how many miles of streets but are the streets clean and kept for the use of the people or the greed of stockholders? Not how many tall buildings, but how near do they come to paying their share of municipal taxation; not how many rich men and women, but how many real men and women; not how many houses, but how many homes; not how many courts, but how much justice; not how many churches, but how much Christianity." (1118)

**Strife in the Home.**

A wife of a year pointed to an illuminated card on her mantel piece and said, "That card saved my home." On the card were the words, "What would Jesus do?"

She explained that the first days of her wedded life began very discouragingly. She and her husband had had many little tiffs already. One day at luncheon they had both lost their temper, and had parted in an angry mood. The young wife went up to her room to have a cry over it, when her eyes fell on this card, which a child, a member of her Sunday School class, had sent as a little wedding present.

She had never noticed the words before, but now they read themselves right into her soul. "What would Jesus do?" The question insisted, too, upon being answered. And she answered it honestly.

She was very sure that if Jesus were in her place He would not be so touchy, so wilful, so easily hurt, so irritable, as she had been. The result was that there were no more tiffs. (1119)

**His Answer to Satan.**

Billy Bray, the Cornish miner, whose rugged piety has been a blessing to so many of God's children, says that one year his crop of potatoes turned out poorly, and as he was digging them in the fall, Satan was at his elbow and said: "There, Billy, isn't that poor pay for serving your Father the way you have all the year? Just see those small potatoes?"

He stopped hoeing and replied: Ah, Satan, at it again; talking against my Father, bless His name! Why, when I served you, Satan, I didn't get any potatoes at all. What are you talking against Father for?" And on he went, hoeing and praising the Lord for small potatoes—a valuable lesson for us all.—Ram's Horn. (1120)

**An Indian Child's Prayer.**

Miss Mary P. Lord, a teacher among the Sioux Indians, tells us this beautiful little story:

"An Indian child was dying. It lay in its father's arms, while near by stood another little daughter, a few years older, who was a Christian.

"Papa," said his little daughter, 'little sister is going to Heaven tonight. Let me pray.'

"As she said this, she kneeled at her father's knee, and this was the sweet little prayer which fell from her lips:

"Father God, little sister is coming to see you tonight. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen." (1121)

**Jesus Remembers.**

The Master fully appreciates a self-sacrificing act. A preacher, riding a long distance on a hot day, came into a strange pulpit to preach. The sexton had neglected to fill the glass with water. He was in a strange place and did not know how to get the water without interrupting the service. A little girl in the congregation noticed the empty glass. Without disturbing any one she brought a full glass of water to him. It helped him to preach a better sermon, and he has never forgotten it, or the girl who brought it. He sometimes says—"If I can remember a glass of water so many years, it will be easy for Jesus to remember the little things that His children do for Him." (1122)

**Trust and Obey.**

The big safe of Kentucky's State Treasurer became jammed. Several skilled mechanics worked at it for weeks and failed to open it. Then somebody had a bright idea. A messenger was sent over to the penitentiary. He came back with an expert in safe opening. In twenty minutes the great door yawned on the valuable interior. Then the expert grinned, and was taken back to his narrow quarters. So God bids us do things at the right time that are sinful at other times. How much corroding care would fly away if we would only trust and obey, and try no other way. (1123)

**Loyalty to Subordinates.**

A high official of a Cleveland national bank tells this story: "One of our depositors, a business man, was annoyed at something and he sauntered into the bank and abused a clerk as he would a pickpocket, calling him a thief and all manner of names. The clerk reported the occurrence and I said to him the next time the man came into the bank to send him to me. He did so. I politely informed him that to insult a clerk was equivalent to insulting the president and requested him to close his account with our bank and do business elsewhere. The man's manner changed instantly.

"He said that such a proceeding would embarrass him greatly and jar his business so that it would be almost impossible to recover from the shock. I finally yielded to the man's entreaties on one condition, an apology to the young man. He was glad to be let off so easily and he made an abject apology at the earliest possible opportunity. There is only one way to insure absolute loyalty from your employes. Be loyal to them." And when we are abused and slandered wrongfully the Lord takes our part and magnifies our lives until our enemies are rebuked. (1124)



### Honoring the Dead.

Spain is trying to make up for her present disasters by looking back to her past glories. The bodies of four distinguished Spaniards who died in exile were recently brought back to Madrid from France, where they were buried, and, after a state funeral, were laid away in the San Isidro cemetery. They were Goya, the painter; Moratin, the dramatist; and the poets Melendez Valdez and Donoso Cortes. So Christians should know that they need not wait until death to be honored by God, perhaps not before the world, but among His people. (1125)

### Great Gain.

Look at the ways of the millionaire: Given his millions he gives up his house and builds himself a small, first-class hotel in some big city, which for the greater part of the year is occupied by servants. He next erects a country palace at Lenox or at Newport. This he calls a cottage, though it usually looks more like a public library or a hospital or a clubhouse. Then a yacht warranted to cross the ocean in ten days, and to produce seasickness twelve hours sooner than the regular ocean steamer, becomes one of the necessities of life. Result, he never lives anywhere. To occupy all his residences, camps and bungalows he has to keep eternally on the move, and when he thinks he needs a trip to Europe he has his yacht got ready and sends it over, going himself on a fast steamer. Oh, it's a terrible thing to be a millionaire and have nowhere to lay one's head, with every poorer man envying him, many hating him, and hands raised against him everywhere.—Woman's Home Companion. Contentment with godliness is great gain. And besides all things are ours. Christ and all He has, and if we lack anything seek first the kingdom and these things shall be added unto you. (1126)

### THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN

If I should say of a garden; "It is a place fenced in," what idea would you have of its clusters of roses, and pyramids of honeysuckles, and beds of odoriferous flowers and rows of blossoming shrubs and fruit-bearing trees? If I should say of a cathedral, "It is built of stone, cold stone," what idea would you have of its wondrous carvings, and its gorgeous openings for door and window, and its evanescent spire? Now, if you regard religion merely as self-denial, you stop at the fence and see nothing of the beauty of the garden; you think only of the stone, and not of the marvelous beauty into which it is fashioned.—Henry Ward Beecher. (1127)

Oh, the grief of it! He was disappointed as he entered the vineyard that day. There were reasons why he should have had fruit; care had been taken in the planting; there was a vine-dresser there who had evidently done his duty, but there was no fruit. There does not seem to be any blame attached to the keeper of the vineyard; the Master looked to the tree—and was disappointed.

It was a sorrowful thing to contemplate. I have an ambition, a longing, not to be a disappointment to Jesus; I may be to men, but I need not be to him. How about it, brother, sister? As Jesus comes today, is He disappointed with your life, the barrenness of the tree? (1128)

In every phase of life there is possible harm for us. Whether we shall receive hurt or shall pass through our experiences without injury depends upon the way we relate ourselves to them. One man moves through life—its joy and sorrow, its pleasure and pain, its prosperity and adversity—and receives no stain, no marring, no wounding. Another passes through similar experiences, and at every point is hurt in his inner life. The secret is within us, and we need to pray without ceasing that we may be kept from the evil which is always close to us.

"From the self that stains and stings  
Soils and hurts all holier things,  
Weighing down the soul's white wings,  
Set us free, good Lord."

J. R. Miller. (1129)

Sir Isaac Newton once reproved Dr. Halley, the astronomer, for some loose expressions on Christianity in these words: "Dr. Halley, when you talk about philosophy and mathematics, I always hear you with pleasure, because these are subjects with which you are well acquainted; but I must beg that you will say nothing about Christianity, for it is a subject you have never studied. I have, and I know that you know nothing of the matter." (1130)

God's promises are on the ascending scale. One leads up to another, fuller and more blessed in itself. In Mesopotamia God said, "I will show thee the land." At Bethel, "This is the land." In Canaan, "I will give thee all the land, and children innumerable as the grains of sand." It is thus that God allures us to saintliness. Not giving us anything until we have dared to act—that He may test us. Not giving us everything at first—that He may not overwhelm us. And always keeping in hand an infinite reserve of blessing. Oh, the unexplored remainders of God! Who ever saw His last star?—Rev. F. B. Myer. (1131)

The redeemed have been silent too long. We want a speaking church; we want a church of testimony. Every man at all events can relate his own experience, modestly, and tenderly. A man may not be able to expound prophets and paraphrase sweet Gospels so that a thousand men may listen to him with more or less interest, but every man can tell what he has seen and known and felt and handled of the word of life.

O assembly of the saints, why this speechlessness? You will be mocked of course. If a man shall lock himself up in selfish contemplation and spend his life in self-analysis, then no notice will be taken of him; but if he come out and speak boldly, he will be taunted and sneered at and ridiculed and undervalued and

misrepresented. Which is to be the guide of life, the overpowering inspiration of God, which says, "Speak Out!" or the self-considering misinspiration of time and sense and self, which says, "Stay at home?"—Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D. (1132)

## STATISTICS.

### The Growth of a Century.

There were but 5,300,000 people in America when this century opened. France had five times as many people; Germany, and even Austria, had four times America's population; Italy had three times as many and so had Great Britain. Even Spain had double our number of people, and little Portugal was almost our rival in numbers. We have more people now than any European nation except Russia, which alone leads us. (1134)

### Twentieth Century.

The twentieth century, which will begin on Tuesday, January 1, 1901, will have twenty-four leap years, the greatest number possible. February will have five Sundays three times—1920, 1984 and 1976. The earliest possible date on which Easter can occur is March 12. The last time it occurred on that date was 1818. The latest date that Easter can occur is April 25. It will occur but one time in the coming century on that date—1943. The middle day of the century will be January 1, 1951. There will be 380 eclipses during the coming century. In 1935 there will be seven eclipses. There will be eight solar eclipses visible in the United States—1918, 1923, 1925, 1945, 1954, 1979, 1984 and 1994. (1135)

### Missions.

The veteran historian of Protestant missions, Herr Warneck, estimates the total number of converts from heathenism in the different Protestant Churches at about four millions. Of these, 1,465,000 belong to Asia, 1,145,900 to America, 1,080,000 to Africa, and 306,700 to Oceania. Of ordained missionaries there are about 4,500. Of unordained missionaries there are 1,500, and 3,300 unmarried lady missionaries. Duly trained medical mission-

aries number about 400. Annual expenditure of the various missionary societies estimated at from \$12,500,000 to \$13,750,000. (1136)

### Young Men.

There are about 4,000,000 young men in American cities, 100,000 or more in American colleges, 100,000 in the army and navy, and nearly 1,000,000 employed by the American railways. (1137)

### Fourth of July.

In 1899 the casualty list of the Chicago Tribune for the "Fourth" included these fearful figures: Dead, 33; injured, 1,730; fire losses, \$233,070; injured by powder explosions, 257; by cannon crackers, 731; by toy cannons, 259; by stray bullets, 60—altogether making a very considerable army of killed and wounded people. Yet these returns included only 250 cities and towns: what must they have been for the entire territory of the United States? (1138)

### Losses by Fire.

When it is learned that property in the United States valued at \$150,000,000 was destroyed by fire in 1899, it will again arouse the feeling that something new and improved in the manner of fighting fires is imperatively demanded. A writer in one of the eastern journals makes a strong plea for stand pipes for combatting conflagrations in the higher buildings, and his argument is a good one, the stand pipe being no doubt greatly superior to the wabbly and frequently unreliable water tower. But what is really needed in modern fire fighting is some material that will supersede water as an extinguisher. Science can provide it, but it has been a long time coming. (1139.)

## FOUND AT LAST. TEACHERS HANDY BIBLE.

Have you ever looked through the stock of a large Bible house, examining the different bindings and size of type etc. I have done this several times, and in addition I have examined the samples of traveling men for the principal houses.

You would be surprised after doing this several times to note the small number that actually interested you, that would be anywhere near what you would want.

About a year ago I made a find and I think it will interest you.

First. It was a Bible that would go into the coat pocket,  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and without the concordance only  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch thick.

Second. It was on India paper, and the paper was opaque, so that you could not read the next page without turning over a leaf, and if carefully done will stand marking.

Third. The binding was seal flexible and was leather-lined to edge, also double silk-sewn.

Fourth. The type was minion, bold face and handsomely printed. I am not sure but think it is printed on the other side and sent over.

Fifth. The book used to cost \$7, but I am thankful it doesn't cost that now. In fact the price is now \$3.75, with or without concordance. For that amount we will send it to you with privilege of returning at our expense if not satisfactory, but if you want to take our word for it and give us your order, clubbing with forty others we will make the price \$3.25.

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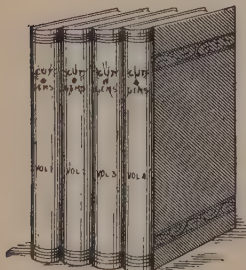
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### The Minister's Dream.

A minister who had been thinking over the members of his flock one night after his sermon fell asleep in his chair and dreamed that he was out on a great field with his flock, and that he was a shepherd and the members were sheep, and he saw the other pastors of the town with their flocks, and over in one corner were some men shearing, and he began to think how much fleece his flock would give, and his heart began to swell with pride as he thought of some of the leading men and women in his flock, and he began to compare them with other flocks. Several flocks had been shorn, and he noticed that the shepherds of the shorn flocks were bending their heads in prayer on their crooks and were weeping. As he drew near the shearers he noticed the scales on which the fleece was weighed had three beams, one flame-colored, one golden and one white. And on them were texts. The one with flame had on "Without me ye can do nothing," and "I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter." That was the prayer-life or inner-life beam, and the fleece weighing heavily on that always weighed heavily on the other beams. The golden beam was the offering beam and on it was: "This poor widow hath cast in more than they all," and the blue beam was the good works beam, and on it was: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me." The fleece of each lamb or sheep was weighed separately, and then when a flock had been sheared a card was given to the shepherd to show the weight of the flock. First Deacon Brown was weighed. The shepherd had no fear of him, leading business man, splendid giver. The long fleece just fell as the shears were run over him by the shearer. But it didn't weigh nearly what the quantity would indicate. Nothing on the first beam, very fair on the second, but the weight seemed to catch on the text. The shepherd thought there was a mistake, for

he knew that he always headed the lists of all benevolences. The weigher told the shepherd to look into the mirror on his side of the scales. There he saw that what he had given was not 1,000 per cent of what he had. Then came a woman whose husband was not a Christian, but her three children were always in Sabbath school, and although no one knew she saved up \$10 a year for supporting an orphan in India. In prayer-meeting she always quoted a verse of Scripture and sometimes said a few sentences. The minister looked at the beam anxiously, but the weights had to be moved forward. Then came a wealthy widow woman, who had been censured for keeping so many servants, but it was done through charity rather than love of display, and there were working at her charge a number of missionaries in foreign lands. She also found time to call on the sick and poor, and knew as much or more about them than the shepherd. She weighed so well his hopes began to rise. Then came a bed-ridden girl, who whenever he called asked so many questions about the unsaved, and what was being done for young Christians. It seemed that sheep would have no fleece at all. But as it fell on the scales it seemed to turn the color of the uppermost beam. At last they were all shorn and weighed in and total given the shepherd. He had seen the total marked down to the shepherd of a mission church, and great was his surprise to find that his was smaller. At first he was chagrined, and then he went over to where he was standing and grasped him by the hand. Then he said: "Where do you pasture your sheep?" "The chief shepherd tells me where to find pasture." Then he saw the chief shepherd coming, and he said: "If ye love me feed my sheep," and "Lo I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." And the next shearing was increased one hundred fold. (1140)

## PASTORAL SUGGESTIONS.

### A Distressed Critic.

It is related that a certain farmer once went to hear John Wesley preach. The farmer was not a converted man, he cared little for religion; on the other hand he was not what we call a bad man. His attention was excited and riveted. John said he would take up three topics of thought—he was speaking chiefly about money. His first head was: "Get all you can." The farmer nudged a neighbor and said: "This is strange preaching! I never heard the like of this before! This is very good. Yon man has good things in him. This is admirable preaching." John discoursed of "Industry," "Activity," "Living to Purpose," and reached his second division, which was: "Save all you can." The farmer became more excited. "Was there ever anything like this?" he said. Wesley denounced thriftlessness and waste, and satirized the wicked wilfulness which lavishes on luxury; and the farmer rubbed his hands as he thought: "All this

have I done from my youth up," and what with getting and what with hoarding, it seemed to him that "salvation had come to his house." But Wesley advanced to his third head, which was: "Give all you can." "Aye dear, aye dear," said the farmer, "he has done and spoiled it all." (1141)

### Cradle Roll.

The newest thing under the sun in Sunday-school life is the Cradle Roll. Many Sunday-schools are now registering the names of babies and children under two years of age on the Cradle Roll. By this plan the interest of mothers is secured in the Sunday-school and the children are taught from the very beginning that they are members of the Sunday-school. Some Sunday-schools have a little cradle in the primary department in which the names of the members of the Cradle Roll are kept. Every Sunday a prayer is offered for the members of this department, and on each re-



turning birthday the children are remembered with the gift of a beautiful card or some birthday remembrance. For further information in regard to this fascinating feature of the Sunday-school work, address any denominational publishing house or Mr. Marion Lawrence, Toledo, Ohio, General Secretary International Sunday-School Association. (1142)

A certain pastor, widely known and greatly beloved, was not as careful as he might have been in the preparation of his sermons. However, he had the good sense to submit his texts, and usually his manuscript sermons, to his highly intelligent wife. He usually did this Saturday night, but on one occasion the lady happened to be away from home all the evening. So on Sunday morning she asked him for the chosen text.

He gave it very glibly.

"Book, chapter and verse?" she queried.

The pastor hung his head.

"The fact is, my dear, I was in such a hurry that I couldn't quite turn to it, but I've built up a most interesting sermon around it."

"And you couldn't find it?"

"No, my dear."

"Well, it isn't very much to be wondered at," said his helpmeet dryly. "That text of yours is from 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"No!" gasped the shocked pastor. "What will I do?"

"Give me the Bible," said the wife.

And it wasn't but a few moments before she

had picked out a text that fitted the sermon almost as well as the Crusoe quotation.

(1143)

### Reading.

Following is one of Bill Arp's criticisms:

Work is the big thing in this practical age. To make a living is imperative, and it is a struggle. But to be a great orator or poet or preacher is a gift, and like Patrick Henry or Henry Clay or John Wesley, will come to fruition with or without a higher education. To read well and to read wisely is the best part of an education. It is strange that our schools do not teach their pupils to read—to read with emphasis and tone and accent. Not one preacher in ten can read a chapter or a hymn in an impressive manner. It was his happy faculty of reading well that made Bishop Beckwith a great man. It was a solemn feast to hear him recite the litany or read a hymn or utter a prayer. Why do not the theological seminaries teach the students to read and

**F. B. Meyer's Advice.**

"1. Let our ministers beware of drifting into preaching on social topics and questions of the day, apart from the person and work of the Savior.

"2. Let us maintain the custom of expository and experimental preaching.

"3. Let us not announce sensational subjects to draw congregations.

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"4. Let us be strict to keep outside of our churches objectionable ways of raising money.

"5. Let us carefully maintain church discipline; and let people understand that if they want cards, balls, theaters, etc., they must dissociate themselves from our churches, and be one thing or the other. If they feel able to serve Christ in these things, let them stand or fall to their own Master, but let them do it apart from the church, lest they invalidate her testimony and impair her life.

"Let us see to it that we act as light and salt on the movements of the time—not allowing the government of affairs to drift into the hands of irreligious and professional politicians.

"7. Let us avoid having too many paid officials in our church work, and train our members to fill the various functions of church life.

"8. Let us avoid throwing on the evangelist duties to which God has not called him. His work is not primarily with the church, but with the world; and he should not be called in

till the church is in a healthy condition, and there is already a symptom of God's work through her upon the world."

#### Chaplain?

A while ago it was stated that the "supreme chaplain" of the "Golden Lion"—a church-member who had been a grocer's clerk, working at \$15 per week—received \$7,500 a year salary for his service as "chaplain." His duties were to offer prayer at the annual meeting of the order! In fact it was stated that he only prayed once in two years; but this prayer was so effectual that he got \$15,000 for reciting it. This "Golden Lion" we presume was something like the "roaring lion" that we read about, who "walketh about, seeking whom he may devour;" and this money was doubtless filched from poor hard-working men and women, who, not content with one dollar which they had earned, wanted two or three dollars that they had not earned, so put their money in to find themselves swindled out of it by these "supreme" rascals.

### SELECTED POETRY.

#### The Parson's Limit.

From the Boston Courier.  
He'd been preaching and exhorting

For a score of years or so  
In a portion of the Vineyard

Where the harvesting was slow;  
Where the temporal inducement

From his ceaseless diligence  
Was a promise of four hundred  
For his yearly recompense.

Unrelenting was the ardour  
He devoted to the cause,  
And though slowly came the dollars  
Still he labored without pause,  
Till one day they came and told him,  
As he kicked against the pricks  
That they'd raised their offered stipend  
From four hundred up to six.

Then the good man sank exhausted  
As he feebly made reply,  
"Don't I pray you, men and brethren,  
Thus my patience overtry,  
Not to glean the four you've promised  
Hath so warped my vital store,  
That 'twould kill me if you taxed me  
To collect two hundred more." (1144)

#### The Tide

"The waves of life, with calm, persistent flow,  
Cover my soul, whose clean, calm sands below  
Bid all men say, 'No cares or passions  
Trouble spirits sanctified.'  
My soul is fair to see  
At flood of tide.

"The passing hour, with stern, relentless hand,  
Draws back the wave. The slippery rocks of  
passion stand  
Bared before human eyes. In Christ alone  
Can power be found such guilt to hide.  
Have mercy, Lord, on my discovered soul,  
At ebb of tide!"

—Sarah A. Faunce, in S. S. Times.  
(1145)

#### Wolsey to Cromwell.

\* \* my robe, and my integrity to Heaven,  
is all

I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Crom-  
well!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

—Luke 16: 13. (1146)

#### Love and Lust.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain;  
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;  
Lust's winter comes, ere summer half be  
done.

Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton dies:  
Love is all truth; Lust full of forged lies.

—Gal. 5: 19 to 26. (1147)

#### What Win I if I Gain.

What win I if I gain the think I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
Who buys a minute's mirth to wait a week?  
Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape, who will the wine de-  
stroy?

Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the sceptre strait be stricken down?  
(1148)

#### Virtue.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
My music shows you have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
But when the whole world turns to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.—John 11: 25-6.  
(1149)



## Marriage Certificates.

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## He That Loves a Rosy Cheek.

THOMAS CAREW.

He that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain its fires;  
As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires  
Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
Kindle never-dying fires;  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.  
—I Cor. 3: 16-17. (1150)

## On Going to the Wars.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

True, a new mistress now I chace,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more. (1151)

From yon blue heavens above us bent,  
The grand old gardener and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent,  
Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.  
—Tennyson. (1152)

And life is like a summer's day,  
It seems so quickly past;  
Youth is the morning, bright and gay,  
And it's spent in wisdom's way,  
We meet old age without dismay,  
And death is sweet at last.—Jane Taylor.  
(1153)

## UNUSUAL.

A London pastor once said, "When I look over my congregation on a Sunday morning I ask myself, 'Where are the poor?' But when I see the offertory counted in the vestry I say, 'Where are the rich?'"

"Lots of folks who would like to do right, think that servin' the Lord means shoutin' themselves hoarse praisin' his name. Now, I'll tell you how I look at that. I'm working here for Jim. Now if I'd sit 'round the house here, tellin' what a good fellow Jim is, an' singin' songs to him, I'd be doin' just what lots of Christians do, but it wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get fired mighty quick.

"But when I hustle among the hills an' see that Jim's herds are all right, an' not sufferin' for water an' feed, or bein' off the range branded by cattle-thieves, then I'm servin' Jim as he wants to be served."—A Converted Cowboy.

Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,  
Where'er I turn mine eyes;  
If I may survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky!—Isaac Watts.  
(1154)

Launch thy bark, mariner! Christian, God  
speed thee,  
Let loose the rudder bands! good angels lead  
thee!  
Set thy sails warily, tempests will come;  
Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer  
home!—Mrs. Southey. (1155)

Oh, that my watchful soul may fly  
The first perceived approach of sin;  
Look up to Thee when danger's nigh,  
And feel Thy fear control within.—Anon.  
(1156)

'Tis not enough to say,  
"We're sorry, and repent,"  
Yet still go on from day to day,  
Just as we always went.—Ann Taylor.  
(1157)

He liveth long who liveth well;  
All else is life but flung away;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.  
—H. Bonar. (1158)

True worth is in being, not seeming,  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good,—not in the dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by.  
—Alice Cary. (1159)

Echo not an angry word;  
Let it pass!  
Think how often you have erred;  
Let it pass!  
Any common souls that live  
May condemn without reprieve;  
'Tis the noble who forgive:  
Let it pass! (1160)

Children have long memories and are not easily deceived a second time. Thus the Post-Dispatch reports the discomfiture of a St. Louis mother who took her five-year-old son to the photographer's, being particularly anxious to get some good pictures.

The child's idea of the affair, however, seemed not to harmonize with that of his mother, for when the man with the camera began to adjust the lens and direct it toward little Edward, that young person set up a howl.

In vain did his mother do her best to quiet him. Edward did not want his picture taken.

"Why, my child," she said, soothingly, "the gentleman won't hurt you! Just smile and keep still a moment, and it will be all over before you know it."

"Yes, I know, mamma," whimpered Edward, with the tears running down his cheeks, "but that's what you told me at the dentist's!"



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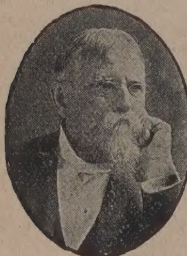
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*Dean Hart*

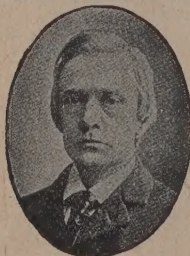


## It Does all his Work.

General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," says:

The fountain pen, Post, was received, and I have taken the liberty of trying it thoroughly. I have tried every pen of the kind on the market, and now unhesitatingly give the preference to the Post. It not only feeds itself with less care but has the immeasurable advantage of resupplying without inking the fingers. I do all my work with it.

*Lew Wallace*



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Hon. Luther Laflin Mills, the celebrated criminal lawyer and eminent orator of Chicago writes as follows:

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SIMPLE, RELIABLE, DURABLE  
—and I thank you for having brought it to my notice.

*Luther Laflin Mills*



## The Best of Five.

Bishop Vincent, author of "The Church at Home," etc., etc., carries a number of fountain pens. Note what he says of the Post in comparison with the best.

The Pen is all you promised. I carry four fountain pens, and now the Post makes the fifth, and the fifth is by far the best I have—and all are good.

*J. H. Vincent*

## TESTIMONY

### THAT CAN'T BE IGNORED.

(Read it at the left.)

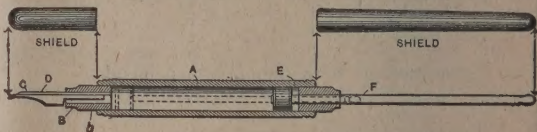
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A lady who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that, as the ship was leaving the harbor at Athens, a well-dressed lady passenger approached the captain, who was pacing the deck, and, pointing to the distant hills covered with snow, asked:

"What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," answered the captain.

"Now, is it, really?" remarked the lady, "I thought so; but a gentleman just told me it was greece."

The lawyer asked the witness if the incident previously alluded to wasn't a miracle, and the witness said he didn't know what a miracle was. "Oh, come," said the attorney, "Supposing you were looking out of a window in the twentieth story of a building, and should fall out and should not be injured. What would you call that?"

"An incident," was the stolid reply.

"Yes, yes; but what else would you call it? Well, supposing you were doing the same thing the next day; suppose you looked out of the twentieth story window and fell out, and again should find yourself not injured. Now, what would you call that?"

"A coincidence," said the witness.

"Oh, come, now," the lawyer replied again. "I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Now, just suppose that on the third day you were looking out of the twentieth-story window and fell out, and struck your head on the pavement twenty stories below, and were not in the least injured. Come, now, what would you call it?"

"Three times?" said the witness, rousing a little from his apathy. "Well, I'd call that a habit."

And the lawyer gave it up.

The lady of the house one day said to her gardener:

"Tammias, I wonder you don't get married. You've got a nice house, and all you want to complete it is a wife. You know the first gardener that ever lived had a wife."

"Quite richt, missus," said Tammias: "quite richt. But he didna keep his job long after he got the wife."—Chicago Standard.

#### Husband and Wife.

"Husband and Wife," by Dr. Lyman Beecher Sperry, the well known writer on confidential subjects, is the most satisfactory book yet published along sexual science lines, and is one that is calculated to improve the health of those who read the book, which is for the married and marriageable only. We have seen a number of books whose titles covered the subject of this one, but the subject matter was very disappointing on account of the lack of definite and direct information. Other books claim there is nothing impure in the study of sexual conditions and yet hesitate as if they doubted their claims. Dr. Sperry proves the purity of this subject by discussing the matter fully and freely. There is no doubt but that the book will create great deal of good. Minis-

ters will want this book for themselves, and in many cases he can recommend the book, where it will do more good than a sermon. Price \$1.00. Order of Current Anecdotes.

#### Display Advertising.

Rev. Francis J. Van Horn, pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, introduced an innovation among Des Moines (Ia.) churches two months ago by inserting a large display advertisement in a Saturday night's Capital, exploiting the next Sabbath evening's services at his church.

It was not a small advertisement, but extended entirely across the top of the second page, and the brief announcement was made in bold, black type which no reader of the Capital could fail to observe. It was an innovation in Des Moines, but not to Mr. Van Horn, who had adopted the same practice in previous pastorates and knew that it would pay. The result has been eminently satisfactory to him.

In speaking about the matter the clergyman said:

"I regard the matter as a business proposition pure and simple. All preachers seek to advertise their services in some way, and it is simply a question of the better method and which yields the best results at the least cost. Some churches use small cards; others use handbills, and all publish their announcements in the regular announcement columns of the daily press. And you would be surprised to know how many pastors in the United States to-day advertise much as I do.

"I have tried all methods of advertising and find that the advertising in the daily press yields the best results. I employ a larger ad than in the regular church announcement column, for the reason that that column is rarely read except by the regular church goer.

"What the minister strives for is to induce a stranger to enter his church—one who is not in the habit of attending his church. It is among this vast field that his efforts promise greatest fruition. The newspaper display advertisement such as I have adopted is the only kind which reaches this class of men. It is certainly no worse than the hand-bill and is no more open to the charge of sensationalism. It is simply the better method, for it accomplishes greater results with a less expenditure of money.

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# INDEX.

- Aims, careful, 501  
Anxiety, 505  
Appeals to fear, 503  
Archer, great the, 533  
Barren, 519  
Barren, life, 1128  
Bell, church old, 1116  
Blessings, others, 1133  
Bible literature, 544  
Birds, wise, 540  
Boxers' placard, 1109  
Burglar, 1123  
Care, 505  
Care of riches, 1126  
Century facts, 1135  
Century's growth, 1134  
Character, 538  
Charity, true, 1117  
China's soldiers, 1105  
Chinese empire, 1114  
Christ, ever living the, 545  
Christians frivolous, 506  
Christian not churchian, 1118  
Church, silent the, 1132  
Church, shooting in, 512  
Confidence in mercy, 1113  
Confucianism, 1104  
Conquerors, world, 1105  
Contentment, 1126  
Country for, 543  
Courage, 528  
Courtesy, value of, 546  
Cradle Roll, 1142  
Distressed Critic, 1141  
Desires, calm, 1150  
Death, 1153  
Eagle, spirit, 528  
Evil, choosing the, 1115  
Faithful, 1110  
Fatalists, 1108  
Fear and laziness, 508  
Fire, losses, 1139  
Flags, 536  
Forgive, 1160  
Gambling, 520  
Gain, 1148  
Gem, hidden, 534  
Gift, precious, 525  
God, Fatherhood of the, 548  
God Serving, 1146  
Good and bad, 510  
Good and Evil, 1123  
Gossip, deadly, 512  
Graces, 504  
Harp, human the, 542  
Hearst, Kind, 1152  
Heroes, who fail, 547  
Home, happy, 1119  
Home, 1155  
Homes, two, 527  
Honor, 1151  
Honors, futile, 1125  
Humble, 517  
Ignorance and supersti-  
tion, 1109  
Inheritance, 516  
Key log, 513  
King, without, 1104  
Kingdom, 1104  
Ladder heavenly the, 539  
Life, bread of, 511  
Life, brevity, 541  
Life for learning, 1112  
Life, music of, 521  
Life, new, 510  
Life, valueless in China, 1108  
Life Long, 1158  
Love, 509  
Love, mighty, 535  
Lost Love, 1147  
Millionaires, 1126  
Minister's Dream, 1140  
Missions, 1136  
Missionaries, 1107  
Mother of heroes, 1110  
Opportunity, 531  
Parson's Limit, 1144  
Passing glory, 515  
Patriotism, 1138  
Pilgrims, 526  
Prayer, child's, 1121  
Progress, 507  
Promises, God's, 1131  
Pure, 1129  
Quality not quantity, 1108  
Remembrance, 1122  
Repentance, 1157  
Resources, inexhaustible, 537  
Responsibility for free-  
dom, 502  
Retribution, 503  
Reward, 514  
Riches, 532  
Russia, 1106  
Safety, flying for, 524  
Satan, answering, 1120  
Self-denial, 1127  
Servants, protected, 1124  
Sin, thistles, 523  
Singing, 530  
Soul, receptive, 549  
Speak out 1132  
Spiritual markman'ship,  
501  
Stainless, 1119  
Submerged, 532  
Temperance, 518  
Temperance, 540  
Temple, waiting, 1111  
Tide, 1145  
Virtue, 1149  
War, 529  
War, caused by, 1107  
Watchfulness, 1156  
Wisdom and magnetism,  
1130  
Worth, true, 1159  
Wonders, God's, 1154  
Young men, 1137  
Zeal, 1112

## SCRIPTURE TEXTS ILLUSTRATED, BY BOOKS.

Gen 20, 11-503	91, 10-1129	5, 11-1107	12, 10-521	6, 9-523
Ex 19, 4-528	103, 14-1122	8, 17-535	12, 21-550	2, 3-1110
1 Sam 7, 12-1105	Prov 3, 29-502	10, 19-1132	13, 10-518	12, 28-503
Ps 2, 1-1109	4, 23-526	11, 29-517	14, 23-1123	12, 28-547
2, 8-1111	6, 27-524	20, 23-543	3, 13-1118	1, 22-544
2, 8-1136	10, 21-511	23, 29-1125	3, 20-1130	3, 17-546
8, 35-546	12, 24-531	23, 37-1115	3, 16, 17-1150	5, 13-530
15, 5-547	22, 8-1128	25, 34-40-1104	5, 1-1121	1, 4-516
16, 11-1127	Ecc1 10, 20-512	8, 12-501	6, 10-532	2, 21-513
19, 8-521	12, 1-1137	4, 36-544	9, 19-567	3, 16-1107
19, 9-503	Isa 2, 4-529	16, 13-1126	10, 13-1129	3, 18-1134
22, 18-520	50, 4-1132	5, 40-1108	13, 3-1117	2, 15-519
23, 4-1109	52, 12, 13-1124	8, 44-1120	13, 12-504	10, 1130
25, 1-501	4, 3-522	11, 25, 26-1149	3, 8-1111	22, 1139
33, 18-533	17, 9-538	14, 1-526	5, 19, 26-1147	2, 17-525
37, 3-511	Ezek 11, 19-526	14, 19-545	5, 4-1120	8, 26-514
46, 1-1105	Dan 7, 17-1106	15, 2-1128	5, 25-1119	7, 6-1114
48, 17-509	Hosea 11, 4-527	18, 36-1104	Phil 3, 13-510	21, 6-1113
60, 4-536	Hab 13, 13-515	27, 33-1124	4, 11-1126	
65, 11-549	24, 30-515	Acts 2, 4-509	4, 19-537	
68, 19-541	Mal 4, 2-505	3, 27-1113	2 Thess 2, 11-1109	
84, 10-541	Matt 4, 23-505	10, 2-1112	1 Tim 6, 6-1126	

### (Consecutive by Illustration Numbers.)

501 Ps 25, 15	517 Matt 11, 29	536 Ps 60, 4	1107 1 Pet 3, 16	1125 Matt 23, 29
501 Mark 8, 18	518 Rom 13, 10	537 Phil 4, 19	1108 John 5, 40	1126 1 Tim 6, 6
502 Prov 3, 26	519 1 John 2, 15	538 Jer 17, 9	1109 Ps 2, 1	1126 Phil 4, 11
503 Heb 12, 28	520 Ps 22, 8	541 Ps 68, 19, 84, 10	1109 2 Thess 2, 11	1127 Ps 16, 11
503 Gen 20, 11	521 Ps 19, 8	542 Ps 60, 12	1110 2 Tim 2, 3	1128 John 15, 2
503 Ps 9, 9	521 Rom 12, 12	543 Matt 20, 23	1111 Ps 2, 8	1128 Prov 22, 8
504 1 Cor 13, 13	522 Jer 4, 3	544 Luke 4, 36	1111 Gal 3, 8	1129 Ps 23, 4, 91, 10
505 Mal 4, 2	523 1 Tim 6, 9	544 James 1, 22	1112 Rom 10, 2	1129 1 Cor 10, 13
505 Matt 4, 23	524 Prov 6, 27	545 John 14, 19	1113 Rom 3, 27	1130 Jude 10
507 1 Cor 9, 19	525 Rev 2, 17	546 James 3, 17	1114 Rev 7, 9	1130 1 Cor 3, 20
509 Ps 48, 17	526 Prov 4, 23	546 Ps 8, 35	1115 Matt 23, 37	1131 Rev 21, 6
509 Rom 2, 4	526 Ezek 11, 19	547 Ps 15, 5	1117 1 Cor 13, 3	1132 Isa 50, 4
510 Phil 3, 13	526 John 14, 1	547 Heb 12, 28	1118 1 Cor 13, 13	1132 Matt 10, 19
511 Ps 37, 3	527 Hosea 11, 4	549 Ps 65, 11	1119 Eph 5, 25	1132 2 Pet 3, 18
511 Prov 10, 21	528 Ex 19, 4	550 Rom 12, 21	1120 John 8, 44	1136 Ps 2, 8
512 Ecc1 10, 20	529 Isa 2, 4	1104 Matt 25, 34-40	1120 Eph 5, 4	1137 Ecc1 12, 1
513 1 Pet 2, 21	530 James 5, 13	1104 John 18, 36	1121 1 Cor 5, 1	1139 Jude 22
514 Rev 7, 26	531 Prov 12, 24	1105 1 Sam 7, 12	1122 Ps 103, 14	1140 Luke 6, 13
515 Hab 13, 13	532 1 Cor 6, 10	1105 Ps 46, 1	1123 Rom 14, 23	1147 Gal 5, 19-26
515 Hab 24, 20	533 Ps 32, 18	1106 Dan 7, 17	1124 Isa 52, 12-13	1140 John 11, 25-26
516 1 Pet 1, 4	535 Matt 8, 17	1107 Matt 5, 11	1124 Acts 27, 23	1150 1 Cor 3, 16-17